

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XI.]

Saturday, July 14,....1810.

[NO. 12.]

THE CAVERN OF STROZZI.

In Continuation.

Before we entered I deemed it prudent to secure those who were within ; but in order to prevent the effusion of blood, I had recourse to stratagem, and with a loud voice pronounced the name of Ricardo. The gaoler, who had opened the entrance, repeated it, and the echoes of the subterraneous vault having conveyed it to Ricardo, he forthwith made his appearance.—As he held a torch, the light of which reflected on us, and shewed that we were masked, the two gaolers evinced their inquietude, which increased to the highest degree of terror, when having surrounded them, we declared they were our prisoners, and ordered them to point out the dungeon of Antoni.

It was curious to behold these wretches, whose countenances had just before exhibited the features of ferocious boldness, now altered by fear, and presenting the picture of disconcerted guilt. Pale and terrified, they proceeded along the Cavern without uttering a single word ; and when they were before

the gate of Antoni's dungeon, Ricardo's hands trembled in such a manner that he could scarce turn the key.

At the deplorable aspect of the wretched Antoni, fastened by a chain to an infectious carcase, and agonized with woe, the inquisitors started back with horror. With difficulty they restrained the violent indignation with which they were transported, and it was not till after some minutes they could recover their calmness and gravity. I addressed the prisoner, and taking off my mask, " You behold, said I, that my promise has not been made in vain : it is no longer a weak individual who interests himself in your cause. Heaven has referred it to the supreme authority—it is the Republic itself that comes to deliver you."

" Yes," continued Signor Rozzelino, unmasking himself, " you see before you the Council of Ten, represented by three of its members, appointed for the protection of innocence, and the punishment of the guilty ; it will this day fulfil its two-fold office :—be free Antoni :—Olympia shall now wear your chains."

Antoni could not believe either his eyes or ears. Surprise, doubt and sorrow were painted on his countenance. Yielding however to the last of these sentiments, which more than any other overflowed his heart, he could only express himself by tears and gestures. Now he raised his humid eyes, and his arms oppressed with chains, towards Heaven ; and now he pointed to the body of his dear Zanetta. It may be easily conceived none of us could remain insensible to so afflicting a scene ; but one of a far different nature was passing without.

Olympia and her escort, after having landed as usual, advanced towards the Cavern ; but at the instant they entered it, they were seized and secured. The name of the Inquisition, which had struck her associates dumb, had excited in that high-souled woman every sentiment of fury and every desire of revenge. Not only her prey had escaped her at the moment she was on the point of devouring it, but she had herself fallen into the power of a dreadful tribunal, with which she was not unacquainted, and from which she could have no hope of mercy.

The guards had been previously ordered to conduct her into the presence of the inquisitors, in the dungeon of Antoni. They forced her there, foaming with rage : her dreadful shrieks made the Cavern resound ; her dishevelled

hair stood an end ; her bosom heaved ; her eyes were inflamed, and nearly started from their sockets ; and her whole countenance was hideously distorted. Like an enraged tigress, she endeavoured to fall upon Antoni, to tear him with her hands, but she was restrained by dint of force :—despairing she threw herself on the earth, and gave vent to the violence of her rage. In this dreadful state appeared the incomparable beauty, who had been the pride of her family, and the admiration of Venice.

Rozzelino, after having promised Antoni that the remains of Zanetta should be honorably interred, conducted him to the gondola of Olympia. I requested leave to accompany him, which was granted me. We were placed and detained as prisoners, till the result of this affair, in the Castle of Ulrichia, in the gulph of the Adriatic. Olympia, with her accomplices, were sent to the prisons of the Inquisition, and confined in dungeons.

If curiosity in the first place, and compassion afterwards, were my sentiments with regard to Antoni, an intimate acquaintance with that excellent young man inspired me with others more lasting and worthy of him. In Antoni was united whatever was calculated to charm : on a countenance peculiarly interesting were traced all the affections of a soul

attuned to sensibility:—his eyes which grief had somewhat impaired, still sparkled with the rays of genius. It was easy to perceive that it was to these gifts of nature he owed all his misfortunes. He related them to me, and expressed his gratitude in the most ardent terms; I wished to deserve it, and proffered him my friendship. A sentiment like this, when it has misfortune for its foundation, gives rise to sensations the most delightful: I hope death alone will deprive me of those sweet affections which gave birth to my attachment for Antoni.

Ten days after our entrance into the fortress of Ulchria, the senator Rozzelino visited us. He recommended us to wait with patience a few days longer, while the process against Olympia was preparing. The next day we each received an official citation from the Chancery of the Ten, which required us, within three days, to attend at the bar of the Council. Antoni could not behold the time approach without horror: the idea of having to appear against her, who, by tearing Zanetta from him, had deprived him of what was dearer than life, almost bereft him of his senses.

On the morning of the appointed day, the Council delegated one of its officers to attend us; and we were conducted, without any other formalities, to the gallery

which communicated with the hall of its deliberations. In a quarter of an hour after we were summoned; and the council, after having received our homage, desired us to advance to our seats. We seated ourselves; and the only alteration I remarked was, that the figure of Christ was concealed beneath a black veil. With regard to the rest, though it was broad day-light, the place was lighted by the two chandeliers, as it had been when I was before there in the night.

On our right nearly opposite the table, was a recess, the curtain of which the president withdrew, and presented to our sight the Signora Olympia, seated on a stool, and two guards on each side of her, with drawn swords. At this sight Antoni changed colour; and even I could not restrain my emotion at contemplating the humiliating situation of a woman whom I had before beheld in so cruel and menacing an attitude.—The paleness of her countenance was particularly remarkable; one might have judged, by the distorted appearance of her countenance the agitation of her soul. She raised her eyes, from time to time, and looked sternly now upon the tribunal, and now upon Antoni; having met mine, the singular expression of all her features at that moment shocked me, and I turned from beholding her with horror and affright.

An officer of the council having commanded silence, the chief of the inquisitors addressed the rest. He traced the motives which had induced the tribunal to prosecute in so extraordinary a manner, the Signora Giustiniani, a noble Venetian lady, and widow of Signor Carlo Laurentini. He distinctly recapitulated the crimes alledged against her; read the different interrogatories put to her in the course of her examination; all of which she had positively denied; stated that these interrogatories having been unproductive of any satisfactory information, the usual question was to be put to Olympia, after which the two persons at the bar (Antoni and myself) were to be heard.

The same inquisitor then desired Antoni to retire to an adjoining room; which he having done, and the council having ordered me to speak, I repeated my denunciation from beginning to end. It would be impossible to describe the impression it made on Olympia: not only her features but her gestures, her whole body expressed the sentiments of her soul:—inquietude, anxiety, grief, surprize, passion, fury, rage, and despair, were successively painted throughout her whole frame; but I had scarce closed two thirds of my recital, when a settled composure chased from her countenance the clouds which had obscured it.

I finished. Olympia was asked

if she had any thing to answer.—“I shall answer, said she, when Signor Antoni is called: it is in the presence of both I shall explain myself.

Antoni was called—He was pale and dejected. The sight of him doubtless awakened in the soul of Olympia the most tender regrets; for I observed her eyes stream with tears.

I went out in my turn; and after ten minutes, during which I walked alone in a spacious gothic hall, adorned with portraits of the doges, I reflected upon the singularity of so uncommon an adventure, in which I formed so distinguished a part. I was then called in.

Leave was given to Olympia to speak, who thus addressed the tribunal: “If, said she, there existed no other means of hearing the truth from me than the dread of your tortures, you should ever remain ignorant. I know how to die, but I know not how to deceive, and while I can fall an innocent victim, I would not perish as a condemned criminal. A sentiment stronger than that of my own reputation at this moment animates me; that sentiment, which I have before experienced, but which I believed to be extinct in my breast, impels me to disguise nothing from you. Antoni, this moment is a joyful one for you; but you would be unworthy

of your triumph if you could applaud yourself for it. You were my victim:—contemplate me now; you have nothing to reproach me with. It is not to the august assembly of the Ten I need recall the first adventure which conducted me before it. If, when I presented to its view the effect of those passions which swayed me, it had manifested its justice rather than its clemency, the just punishment I should have then experienced would have preserved my soul from the weight of additional guilt, my hands from a second murder, and your ears from the painful recital of it. May the horror with which it has inspired you, and the pain you felt at beholding the effects of my rage, expiate your culpable indulgence, and induce you to remember that it is not less dangerous to pardon a criminal, than atrocious to punish an innocent person!

“It was in this same hall, before these same senators, I appeared covered with human blood. The tears of a father whom you revered, washed the murderous stains from before your eyes. From your mouths, accustomed to pronounce the severest decrees, I heard the sweet assurance of mercy: instead of condemning me to the scaffold, you sent me to the groves of Peschia; doubtless, that by contemplating the beauties of nature, my soul might be purified. The opinion of some was, that a secret execution should cut short

my days; others wished to prolong it in close confinement. My family spread the report that I was gone abroad, and from motives of partiality towards my father and myself, Laurentini's death remained unrevenged.

“Though the tribunal had absolved me, my conscience had not. The blood-stained shade of a lover murdered by my hands, was incessantly before me. Remorse, like a devouring vulture, gnawed my heart. Oh! if it were known what pain and torment attend guilt the world would practice virtue from motives of choice and self-interest.

[To be continued]

For the Lady's Miscellany.

A REVIEW OF EDGAR'S NOON.

Prejudice my judgment, shall ne'er control,

*Nor envy warp the motives of my soul,
Each beauty I'll mark, with impartial eye,*

And faults, if any, sha'nt pass unnoticed by. M.

To criticise, is to point out the imperfections, and to acknowledge with candor, the merits and beauties of any literary production.

Edgar's Noon, being a poem parallel, if not surpassing any that I have ever seen upon the

same subject ; I could not forbear suggesting my opinion relative to its merits, and at the same time, mark some of its defects with an impartial hand.

The *first line*, in the *first verse*, is faulty in the sentiment conveyed, though its numbers flow with ease and harmony.

The sun-beams *on* the mid-day play'd,

The word *on*, in some degree renders the meaning doubtful, as the idea intended to be conveyed, is, that at mid-day, to use a common phrase, the sun *beat down* with uncommon severity; and when we say the "sun-beams play," which is a poetical expression, we usually say, they played upon some object, therefore, from the sense conveyed in the first line, it does not appear where "the sun beams play'd," whether on the clouds in the heavens, or on the inhabitants or beasts of the earth, but only that they play'd.

Altho' Edgar's meaning may be comprehended, yet his idea is not conveyed with that perspicuity, as is to be perceived in the three succeeding lines in the same verse, which cannot be altered much for the better.

The second verse is good ; but the third is unparalelled, which follows—

Each leaf's at rest—the grove is still—
Now scarce a sound swells on the ear ;

There's naught, except the murmur'ing
rill,
That breaks the magic silence here.

The scene in this verse, is drawn exactly from nature, it is fraught with that harmony, natural simplicity, and beauty, that is rare to be found in Shenstone's works.

Now gently curls the hamlet's smoke
Among the sylvan foliage green ;
The squirrels on the lofty oak,
Now calmly slumb'ring here are seen.

The two first lines in this verse, are very natural and truly beautiful, and to a person who has been accustomed to the country, and a frequenter of rural scenes, the perusal of them must afford much pleasure, and excite the most agreeable sensations.

The two last lines in the same verse are not so good ; the one, because it is unnatural, and the other expletive and unharmonious.

At mid-day, when the sun shines with excessive heat, the squirrels are rarely seen upon the lofty oaks, basking themselves in its rays, but more frequently found on the not very lofty, but knotty white-oak and rock-oak trees, from ten to eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and from three to four in the afternoon, basking on those trees, in which, also, they usually have their nests and holes.

The scenes in the two following verses, are fraught with the

greatest festive and rural simplicity, and fully equal, in point of merit and beauty, to any part of the poem.

The bleating flock, the hedge along,
That rudely bounds the neighb'ring hill,
Now panting lie, and hush'd the song
Each feather'd warbler's wont to thrill.

The horn is blown—the rustic goes—
His team is left beneath a tree—
With frolic heart he flies to those
Who fondly run to clasp his knee.

The scene generally, and design of the poem is very good, and strongly indicative of the author's genius, and vivid and correct imagination.

MORDEN.

Broad-Street, July 1810.

For the *Lady's Miscellany*.

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CENSOR.—No. I.

Who cannot write yet handle pens
Are apt to hurt themselves and friends,
Tho' others use them well, yet fools
Should never meddle with edge tools.

HUMPHREYS.

Messrs. Editors.

I am well aware that your good nature is frequently imposed upon, from the solicitations of scribblers, for the introduction of their effusions into your useful paper. The ambition of young men to see their productions in print, is the cause of much per-

plexity in the minds of those who conduct a periodical paper, which must ever put their delicacy and temper to the test, to observe the *trash* daily offered for insertion, and which frequently they are induced to comply from unwillingness to offend. This has been the fatal rock upon which so many excellent literary establishments have foundered and sunk into oblivion. For it is a truth well established, that when *poor* writers find no obstruction on the vestibule of a publication, (of whatever kind it may be) *good* ones have a peculiar and unconquerable antipathy to bear them company. Men of talents and those of a grovelling capacity cannot well associate together, so they will not suffer their writings to be compared with imbecility and imperfection;—In the one case they consider themselves personally disgraced—the other is an insult to their judgment and understanding.

But without further ceremony I will proceed to notice a piece under the head of "*Chatterer—No. I.*" which appeared in the 10th number of your Miscellany; and, if my judgment is not unusually warped, this extraordinary production evinces from beginning to end, in point of stile and sense, the strongest blunders that can be found in type for the last two centuries at least. I will merely point out a *few* to the author—not attempting to reason upon their impropriety, as there are certain

principles of good sense, to overstep which would be *treason*.

"Nature is an ocean of wonder and a subject that can never be exhausted."

Nature is a subject!—so is an horse a subject, an ass a subject, and a man a subject in surgical language—that is, subjects for dissection.

"There have been millions of men in all ages eternally at work, digging and delving and prying into nature; some laying hands on and catching at one particle and some at another."

This latter passage, I suppose, was intended by the author to be explanatory of the former, rendering it (in the eyes of the author) less exceptionable on the score of good sense. In other words, nature is a subject, and *Chatterer* intended, by "digging, and delving, and prying into it," to lay it open and expose to mankind every limb, tendon and joint of the mighty fabric, to the astonishment of the world, as the prowess of the *SURGEON* that accomplished the *DISSECTION*!!! In this sense, how are we to reconcile a subsequent sentence—*exempli gratia* :

"And many of them after infinite labour, have done little more than wonder at it all their lives, and told us how ignorant they were, and unequal to the work and part they chose"

"Nature ever was and will be an admired mistress."

but then a very unkind one I take it, for she

"never suffering him [man] to be familiar, or use such freedoms as surfeit and pall the mind."

"And thus she manages it, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

And yet not so hard-hearted neither, for when men are

"in love and ravished with nature, and sometimes embrace her too much and beyond their strength and abilities."

Us poor men are permitted at times to take one kind "embrace" of good Mrs. Nature, and that too "beyond our strength and abilities." If this indeed be the case *Chatterer* must acknowledge, according to the course of "nature," this beautiful and *kind*, yet *unkind* creature, is in a fair way of losing her "health, vigour, and bloom." But our writer, in spite of the exalted opinion he has of his dulcina, gives us to understand, that when we once get in "love" with nature, although she permits us not to approach her, yet we are in a fair way of being "ravished!"

"All nature is exceeding good natured and kind to man, and expands her charms for the entertainment of the whole creation."

Great God! what a monster!—what prostitution is this!—what iniquity!—what abomination!

Alas! my dear *Chat.*! beware of this "mistress" of yours, however "young, gay, sprightly, and beautiful" she may be. Beautiful as she is, like some of her sex, she may be "beautiful" only to

deceive, and not be "always in health, vigour and bloom" too.

In a word, the whole of this incomparable composition, is a wire-spun, incomprehensible piece of that non-descript writing, that will ever be irreconcilable with good sense, and puts at naught, every rule of grammar and composition.

In my opinion, it is the duty of the Editors of every periodical paper, to reject every piece offered to them for publication, derogating from the principles of language, and in the least calculated to pervert our taste for polite literature; and, instead of being ushered into the republic of letters, through the medium of the press, should be consigned—eternally consigned to oblivion.

Yours, respectfully,

CENSOR.

Mount-Pleasant, Long-Island.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Messrs. Editors.

One of your correspondents asks, how often a young man may visit a young lady without being justly called her suitor? and why social intercourse may not be permitted, with as much propriety, between them as between persons of the same sex?—These questi-

ons I shall not attempt to answer, contenting myself with giving my opinion as to some of the causes from whence the evil arises of which he complains; and let me premise that whatever displeasure I may incur from the fair sex, I shall endeavour to bear, but they may rest assured that no one admires and esteems their virtues more than myself.

The female part of God's creation are many of them vain, conceited and coquettish, and from thence springs many unpleasant consequences in our intercourse with them. A young lady has a visit from a beau (as she calls him)—his object being merely to spend the evening in social converse—the next day, perhaps, she meets a female friend, and immediately salutes her with "Ah, Miss—I had a beau last night—a fine pretty fellow indeed he was, and then you must know he entertained me with a long dish of discourse, and I do verily believe if you had seen him you would have been in love with him," and if we may judge from the clattering of her tongue the salutation must have been as long as the ten commandments. Well—no doubt her friend's curiosity was raised to a very high pitch, to know the name of this fine fellow—at length out it comes—the mystery is unravelled. Now if this poor unfortunate young man happens by chance, or otherwise, to visit this same young lady, two or three

times, after this eloquent harangue of this long-tongued Miss has gone forth, in such beauteous strains, and has spread far and wide by she to whom it was told, why then undoubtedly Mr. ——— and Miss ——— are upon the point of being married. "Oh!" says one, "I saw them walking together on the Battery last night." "Oh!" says another, "I saw them arm in arm in Vauxhall Garden;" and then a third breaks out in new strains, and really convinces them that what she says must be exactly so—"I have always thought from the first time I saw them together, from their very looks and conduct, that they were intended for man and wife."

These in connection with many other circumstances that take place in companies of male and female acquaintances, are the origin and foundation of the many false and unfounded reports that are in circulation, particularly with respect to the subject under consideration.

To be serious, if two of different sexes may not indulge themselves, in taking a walk on the Battery, to taste the sweets of the evening breeze, nor in Vauxhall Garden, to inhale the sweet odorous scent of the roses, without the prattling tongue of scandal to interpose with its poisonous sting and interrupt their felicity, then farewell to all social intercourse between persons of different sexes; and we

poor young men must content ourselves with keeping company, and walking with ourselves, and you, ye poor young ladies, must do the like.

I am yours, &c.

WILL WIZZARD.

LONDON FASHIONS,

FOR MAY.

Promenade Costume in the Egyptian Style.—An Arabian tunic and petticoat of fine white cambric, sitting high round the throat, with appliqued net, in the crescent form; robin stomacher, and Egyptian border round the bottom. Armenian hat, composed of short amber sarsenet, with white floss binding and cord.—Grecian scarf of the same color, with rich brocade ends. Half boots of amber colored kid or silk, the same as the hat. Gloves of York tan or buff kid.

Park or Garden Promenade Habit.—A round robe of jaconet muslin, with a high French cuff, and appliqued border of narrow lace round the feet. A cassoc coat or demi pelisse of cerulean blue shot sarsenet, finish round the bosom with a basket border, extended on white satin, confined at the bottom of the waist with a silver or steel clasp, and to the bottom with three regular, divid-

ed silk cords and tassels. An Austrian tippet of white satin, with white floss binding, and tassels to correspond.—Arcadian hat composed of the same materials as the coat, and ornamented with full curled white feathers. The hair in ringlet curls with caul of white or amber net; a small spring flower is occasionally added. Half boots and parasol of cornelian blue en suite. Gloves of lemon colored kid.

Rather a novel article has appeared for morning dresses: a corded muslin, the cord about the size of fine twine; no alteration has taken place in the formation of these dresses, they are still worn high in the neck, with collars and long sleeves, edged with lace, of a walking length.—Caps are in high estimation, ornamented with blossoms and flowers.

Pelisses and mantles are still equally worn: we have observed several elegant women in short light blue pelisses, made to sit tight to the shape with full collars, buttoned from the throat to the feet with gilt drop buttons; on their heads they wore white satin caps with full turban fronts, ornamented with two white ostrich feathers. We are informed that spencers, in corded celestial blue, pale pink, and primrose colored sarsenet, will be very prevailing. Mantles have not varied in their form, though somewhat in their

texture; sarsenet mantles in light green shot with yellow or violet, trimmed with primrose, appear to have been selected by women of fashion.—White satin head dresses are a great relief to the dress, and display more taste than a cap exactly similar with the pelisse.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

....
VARIETY.
....

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
.....

SENTIMENTAL ANECDOTE.

A circumstance has recently taken place at Fahlun, the capital of Delecarlia, in Sweden, which might figure with advantage in a novel. In working to establish a new communication between two shafts of a mine, the body of a miner was discovered in a perfect state of preservation, and impregnated with vitriolic water. The body was quite soft, but hardened on being exposed to the air. No one could identify the individual; it was only recollected that the accident by which he had been thus buried in the bosom of the earth, had taken place 50 years ago. All enquiries as to the name of the sufferer had already ceased, when a decrepid old woman, leaning on crutches, slowly advanced towards the corpse, and knew it to be that of a young man, to whom she

had been promised in marriage half a century ago. She threw herself on the corpse, which had all the appearance of a bronze statue, bathed it with her tears, and fainted with joy at having once more beheld the object of her affection on this side of the grave.—It is easier to conceive than to trace the singular contrast afforded by that couple, the one buried fifty years ago, still answering all the appearances of youth, while the other, weighed down by age, evinced all the fervency of youthful love.

A Dutchman, the other day, bid an extraordinary price for an alarm clock, and gave as a reason, "Dat as he loff'd to rise early, he had now noding to do put to bull a sd'ing, ant he coult vake him-zelief."

A Metaphysical and Political Dialogue.—At the breaking out of the war with France, which was commenced in consequence of the French joining the Americans—Sir Joseph York, meeting the French ambassador at the Hague, censured the Gallic court for interfering in the dispute, adding, "You have been unpardonably ungenerous—your crime is no less than that of *debauching* our daughter."—"I am sorry, (replied the Frenchman) that your excellency

should put so severe a construction on the matter; she made the first advances, and absolutely threw herself into our arms; but rather than forfeit your friendship, if matrimony will give satisfaction, we are *ready* to act honorably and *marry* her."

A gentleman of tender feelings, seeing a countryman lying on the ground, with another on top of him, beating the poor fellow unmercifully, requested him to desist, or that the undermost might be permitted to raise and have an equal chance—"Faith," said the fellow, if you had been at the same trouble to get him down, that I have, you'd try to keep him there."

FRENCH BULL.

A Parisian was so frightened at having been out of his depth, when bathing in the Seine, said that he never would venture again *into the water*, until he had *learned to swim*.

Admiral Cotton is going out to take the command of the English Mediterranean fleet, in the room of Lord Collingwood. On this occasion the London punsters observe, that Admiral Cotton never can be *Worsted*.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, JULY 14, 1810.

TO OUR PATRONS.

Our credits for paper never exceeding three months, and having to pay cash for every thing else necessary to the printing the Lady's Miscellany, we are obliged to alter our terms to quarterly payments.

The City Inspector reports the death of 35 persons in this city and suburbs during the last week.

*Deaths in the New-York Hospital,
IN JUNE, 1810.*

Mary Douglass, of Quebec, unmarried, Consumption; Wm. Marritt, of N. Y. seaman, typhus fever; John Planck, of Pennsylvania, Currier, hydrathorax; Jacob Somendyke, insane.

The Legislature of Massachusetts, at its late session, granted to the Medical Society of that state a township of land of six miles square, for the use and benefit of said society, to be located on any part of the public lands in the province of Maine.

We lament to state, that on Wednesday two worthy and laborious men, by the names of Green and Hodges, were shockingly maimed by the accidental discharge of a cannon, while celebrating the Independence of their country on a wharf at the north part of the town.—Green has lost both arms, and a part of his face, and Hodges one arm, and received other injury; both have young children, whose sole dependence was on the labor of hands now lost forever.

Boston Paper.

Singular Circumstance.—The following is translated from the "*Reading Adler*" of the 5th inst.—The daughter of Mr. Daniel Sirohecker, near Owingsburg, Berks county, Pennsylvania, about three years of age, had been observed for a number of days to go a considerable distance from the house with a piece of bread which she obtained from her mother. The circumstance attracted the attention of the mother, who desired Mr. S. to follow the child and observe what she did with it. On coming to the child he found her feeding several Snakes, called yellow heads, or bastard rattle snakes. He immediately took it away and proceeded to the house for his gun and killed two of them at one shot, and another a few days after. The child called these reptiles in the manner of calling chickens, and when its father observed, if it continued the practice they would bite her the child replied, "*No father, they wont bite; they only eat the bread I give them.*"

From the Brazils.—Intelligence from Rio Janciro is to May 28. There had been great rejoicings in consequence of a marriage in the Royal Family. The Portuguese Princess, who has been united to the Spanish Family, is about 19 years of age, and of great personal accomplishments. The officers of every American vessel which arrives are immediately conducted to the Palace, and introduced to the Prince Regent—members of his family being frequently present. He is friendly to our countrymen, was gratified by hearing of the appointment of an Ambassador, and was impatient for his arrival. He had been more contented with his situation; but the general hatred of Bonaparte was as great as ever.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Chatterer, No. II, shall be inserted in our next.

Juvenis's two effusions are inadmissible.

Four other communications on hand, which, from the badness of the manuscript, we are unable to decypher. If the authors will give us fair copies, they shall receive attention.

MARRIED,

On Saturday last, by the Rev. Mr. How, Philip Kearny, Esq. to Miss Susan Watts, daughter of John Watts, Esq.

On Tuesday evening, the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. David Smith, of Swine Island, to Miss Fanny Wortman, of Shellfish Bay.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milldoller, Mr. James Babb, Esq. to Miss Sarah Ann Tompkins, all of this city.

At Rio de Janeiro, May 13th, His Most Serene Highness Don Pedro Carlos de Bourbon e Braganza, Infante of Spain, to the Princess da Beira Donna Maria Teresa, daughter of the Prince Regent of Portugal. The city and shipping were illuminated for three nights. A grand display of fireworks took place, 1506 rockets were discharged at once.

At Albany, on the 21st of May last, by the Rev. Mr. Bradford, Mr. Lawrence M'Namee, to Miss Marcia Price, both of Otsego.

At Albany, on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Bradford, Mr. John Townsend, of the house of I. & J. Townsend, merchants, to Miss Abigail Spencer, daughter of the hon. Ambrose Spencer, both of this city.

DIED,

On Wednesday last, Mr. Nicholas Beekman, aged 45 years.

On Saturday, the 30th June, after a long illness, Samuel T. Wright, Esq. Clerk of Queen Ann's county, and Adjutant General of Maryland; a hero of the revolution.

On the 5th July, aged 64 years, Uriah Mitchell, Esq. a zealous worthy of the revolution, and late sheriff of Queen's County; of a lingering illness which he bore with remarkable fortitude and resignation.

At Baltimore, Mr Thomas Dixon, Esq. President of the Franklin Bank, of that city.

At New-Haven, in Connecticut, on Saturday the 30th June last, aged 76, Samuel Broome Esq. after a long and very severe illness. He was truly a gentleman distinguished for his facetious wit, his benevolence and hospitality. During the revolution he was uniformly a zealous patriot, and did his country service as far as his fortune and warm support could aid her in the struggle for liberty.



.....
For the Lady's Miscellany.

On catching ELIZA's eye, in Church.

Once more I've met that kindly beaming
 glance,
 My bosom warm'd with love's inflaming
 glow;
 Again I've felt my heart with rapture
 dance,
 Whilst ev'ry pore was fill'd with vital
 flow.

That look, sweet girl, has thrill'd my
 very soul,
 And all my former extacy renew'd—
 'T has kill'd despondence in her sad
 control,
 And o'er my breast the seeds of pleasure
 sow'd.

Then, may I hope, my gentle fair one,
 still
 Thou'lt show those feelings, e'en a slight
 return?—
 When next we meet thou'lt look the ten-
 der will,
 And with the flame, that I am burnt,
 will burn?

Hope buoys me up, 'above the threat'-
 ning surge,'
 And bids me strive, the wish'd-for Isle
 to gain;
 While secret fear, in whispers, would
 me urge,
 'Turn back, rash youth—ply nimbly
 for the main.'

EDGAR.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE FAIRY REVEL.

Lightly tripping o'er the green,
 To sweet Philomela's strain,
 See yon little elfy queen,
 Lead her myriads o'er the plain:

Nature, hush'd in soft repose,
 Listens to her numbers sweet;
 Light the glow-worm kindly stows,
 O'er mossy turf, to guide their feet.

Echo, from her leafy cell,
 Lengthens out each passing note;
 Zephyr soft, the chorus swell
 O'er the mountain's top remote.

Heavenly sounds, Aurora hears,
 Starting from her saffron bed;
 List'ning, anxious, slow she rears,
 'Bove the waves, her azure head.

Swift the fairy vision's flown,
 Rapid, at the 'proach of morn;
 Her ears the heav'nly music own,
 But soft, alas! no more return.

S.

PARODY,

On Romeo's description of an Apothecary.

I do remember an old Bachelor,
 And hereabout he dwells, whom late I
 noted,
 In suit of sable, with a care-worn brow,
 Conning his books—and meagre were
 his looks:
 Celibacy had worn him to the bone:
 And in his silent parlour hung a coat,
 The which the moths had used not less
 than he;
 Four chairs, one table, and an old hair
 trunk,

Made up the furniture; and on his
shelves,
A grease clad candlestick, a broken mug,
Two tumblers, and a box of dry cigars;
Remnants of volumes, once in some re-
pute,
Were thinly scattered round, to tell the
eye
Of prying stranger, *no wife had this good
man!*
His tatter'd elbows gap'd most piteously,
And if a man did covet single life,
Reckless of joys that matrimony give,
Here lives a gloomy wretch would shew
it him
In such more dismal colours than the
shrew,
Or slut, or idiot, or the gossip spouse,
Were each a heaven compared with such
a life.

—:~::~~:—

I WOULD IF I COULD.

What, Harry! still solus? no wise in
the chace?
Still afraid of that soul-chilling 'No!'
Poor faint-hearted soul! how I pity your
case!
More timid the older you grow.

Here are blue eyes and black eyes—the
fair and brunette—

The grave, the coquette and the prude,
From stately Melinda to fidgetting Bet—
'I know it—I would if I could.'

See Clara—sweet model of feminine
grace!

How can you behold her unmov'd?
A temper more sweet, or a lovelier face,
Might be worshipped but could not be
lov'd.

Will sighing and wishing e'er bring to
your arms,

A damsel so charming and good?
Not a single endeavour for so many
charms?

'Don't tease me—I would if I could.'

On Mira's blue eyes could an anchorate
gaze,
Nor kindle amain at the view?
With calmness to glance on so 'witching
a face,
Was reserved for a puppy like you.

The rose and the lily bloom bright on
her cheek,

Her lips! how with nectar imbued!
You monster of dullness! and why
dost you speak?

'Why hang ye!—I would if I could.'

Have Julia's attractions no longer a
charm

Or what can have rendered them
less?

Can sweetness so touching and good-
ness so warm,

Excite not a wish to possess?

Your sense of her merit you oft' have
avowed—

By heaven you deserve a rattan—
Go—whine, like a school-boy, 'I
would if I could!'

'God help me!—I will if I can.'

—:~::~~:—

"FRAILTY, thy name is WOMAN."
Shakspeare.

If Frailty's name is Woman's self,
A name which nature gave,
Sure MAN must be the weaker elf,
Still to be Frailty's SLAVE!

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